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Title: Romantic Selections III

Author: William Shakespeare  
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- XVIII -

Shall I compare thee to a  
summer's day?  
Thou art more lovely and  
more temperate.  
Rough winds do shake the  
darling buds of May,  
And summer's lease hath  
all too short a date.  
Sometime too hot the eye  
of heaven shines,  
And often is his gold  
complexion dimmed;  
And every fair from fair  
sometime declines,  
By chance, or nature's  
changing course  
untrimmed.  
But thy eternal summer  
shall not fade  
Nor lose possession of  
that fair thou ow'st;  
Nor shall death brag thou  
wand'rest in his shade,  
When in eternal lines to  
time thou grow'st,  
So long as men can  
breathe or eyes can see,  
So long lives this, and  
this gives life to thee.

- XXIX -

When, in disgrace with  
fortune and men's eyes,  
I all alone beweep my  
outcast state  
And trouble deaf heaven  
with my bootless cries  
And look upon myself and  
curse my fate,  
Wishing me like to one  
more rich in hope,  
Featured like him, like him  
with friends possess'd,  
Desiring this man's art  
and that man's scope,  
With what I most enjoy  
contented least;  
Yet in these thoughts

myself almost despising,  
Haply I think on thee,  
and then my state,  
Like to the lark at break  
of day arising  
From sullen earth, sings  
hymns at heaven's gate;  
For thy sweet love  
remember'd such wealth  
brings  
That then I scorn to  
change my state with  
kings.

- LX -

Like as the waves make  
towards the pebbled  
shore,  
So do our minutes hasten  
to their end,  
Each changing place  
with that which goes  
before,  
In sequent toil all  
forwards do contend.  
Nativity once in the  
main of light,  
Crawls to maturity,  
wherewith being crowned,  
Crooked eclipses 'gainst  
his glory fight,  
And Time that gave, doth  
now his gift confound.  
Time doth transfix the  
flourish set on youth,  
And delves the parallels  
in beauty's brow,

Feeds on the rarities of  
nature's truth,  
And nothing stands but  
for his scythe to mow.  
And yet to times in hope,  
my verse shall stand  
Praising thy worth,  
despite his cruel hand.

- CXVI -

Let me not to the  
marriage of true minds  
Admit impediments.  
Love is not love  
Which alters when it  
alteration finds,  
Or bends with the  
remover to remove:  
O no! it is an  
ever-fixed mark  
That looks on tempests  
and is never shaken;

It is the star to  
every wandering bark,  
Whose worth's unknown,  
although his height be  
taken.

Love's not Time's fool,  
though rosy lips and  
cheeks

Within his bending sickle's  
compass come:

Love alters not with his  
brief hours and weeks,  
But bears it out even to  
the edge of doom.

If this be error and upon  
me proved,

I never writ, nor no man  
ever loved.

- CXXXVII -

Thou blind fool, Love, what  
dost thou to mine eyes

That they behold and see  
not what they see?

They know what beauty  
is, see where it lies,

Yet what the best is,  
take the worst to be.

If eyes corrupt by  
overpartial looks,

Be anchored in the bay  
where all men ride,

Why of eyes' falsehood  
hast thou forged hooks,

Whereto the judgment of  
my heart is tied?

Why should my heart  
think that a several plot

Which my heart knows  
the wide world's common  
place?

Or mine eyes seeing this,  
say this is not

To put fair truth upon  
so foul a face?

In things right true my  
heart and eyes have erred,

And to this false plague  
are they now transferred.